1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Manizer (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 88). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Manizer (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea. Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands, the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest: they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull themselves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down; for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any particular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as on the other.

To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll. The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he *places his feet*. Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter; where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Control of the Elements

789 When the thunder rumbles distantly the Kaingáng growls back at it in annoyance. His face contracts in a scowl, and he looks up and expresses his anger by the same kind of growl with which he greets any animal that happens to disturb him. When the storm swells in intensity, when the thunder crashes, the wind roars, and the trees rock, he shouts in fear, "Storm, go away! I am afraid of you; so go away!" Or: "Storm, go away from me! You are killing me and my children!" Once a mild rain storm threatened to spoil the hunting for us, and as I lay by the campfire I called to one of the Indians, "Tell it that you have come hunting with your relative." So he obediently called out, "Storm, go away; I have come hunting with my relative!" Another cry is, "Storm, go where you were having intercourse with Chulúin," and at this reference to his traditional amour, Storm becomes ashamed and goes away. Thus, in the attempt to control the elements, the Kaingáng try to stimulate in them the emotions that are crucial in human society.

It is in weather control that the Kaingáng techniques of imitative magic are most highly developed, but even here the technique is rarely free from animism. Sometimes when there is a tempest they burn tapir's hair and throw the ashes up in the air with the cry: "Go away! Blow with my animal overhead!" "Probably," said Vomblé, "supernatural fire fights with Storm, and it goes elsewhere. Then the wind stops. The wind smells the ashes of the hair and goes away." When Kopaké heard the thunder, he would warm his hands in the fire and wave them, and as he blew he would say: "You! Drift away that way and do not notice me! Go somewhere else!" Vomblé describes this technique as peculiar to his brother. The blowing and the heating of the hands are reminiscent of Kaingáng curing practices. When the rivers rise the Indians may fill a basket with ashes and throw them into the water: "When the water smells it, it will disappear." One technique of weather control is free of animistic notions: when it rains incessantly and the rivers rise high above their beds, the Indians boil rain water until it all evaporates.

When the Kaingáng want rain they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this!" "When the rain hears this, it comes down."

The sun and moon are also susceptible to purely emotional influences, for once when there was an eclipse of the moon the Kaingáng cried, "'Moon, show me your big heart! Moon, do not die. I see you about to die; stop! Moon, be courageous!' and when the moon heard this, it appeared again." The sun also takes heart at this strong appeal to its courage, for once when there was an eclipse, they called to it: "My relative, show me

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

your big heart! Be strong!" and when "the sun heard this, it appeared." If it has been raining a long time, the Kaingáng call to the sun: "Sun, appear; Sun appear; Sun appear; Sun appear."

Summary and Conclusions

As far back as they can remember, the Kaingáng have been a dying people. Hunted by foreign enemies and torn by conflict from within, they lived in the shadow of death, sleeping fitfully beside their campfires, awakening to peer with frightened eyes into the solid darkness around them. Nor did their imaginations conceive a happier life: their afterworld is a somber reproduction of this one. There the people still hunt vendetta enemies, there the honey tastes like water, and there there is no meat to eat but the grubs in rotten wood. Kaingáng folklore is a monotonous repetition of compulsive murder, revenge, and annihilation; they do not tell more than three or four humorous stories altogether—wherever one turns, there is the same gruesome emphasis. The Kaingáng even like the long tales of fights with the Kangdjá in which they were regularly worsted. In our survey of their religion we saw how preoccupied the Kaingáng are with death—not with the hereafter, but with the simple fact of death itself and its effects on the living. It is a striking fact that their most elaborate ritual complex has as its sole object the protection of the living against the dead.[38] It is true that a fair number of the Kaingáng secure guardian spirits, but the emphasis in their supernaturalism is not on the beneficence of the supernaturals but on their vindictiveness if thwarted and on the danger inherent in any contact with them. We have seen how threats from the supernatural stimulate the doubly toned emotion of anger-fear[39] and how this response finds expression in flights from the supernatural and in attacks on it. This flight-fight pattern is but a reflection of the behavior of the Kaingáng Indian in any similar situation on the human level. His reaction to a threat, even though the threat be nothing more than an outburst of violent language always takes the form of attack or flight.

Thus Kaingáng religion is not the expression of an "inner need" in the sense of an attempt of the organism to achieve stability. It is a naïve and pitiful projection of the Kaingáng social outlook and emotions on the supernatural, and it is far more a threat than a buttress to their security. What we see most clearly in Kaingáng supernaturalism is their feeling about their environment—the fundamental distinction between a person's own body (which becomes generalized into the extended family) and all other bodies, which are "different." One's own body provides one with

[38] See p. 181 and Appendix III.

[39] This argument is developed in detail in the author's "The Linguistic Expression of Emotion," *American Anthropologist*, NS, v. 38: 250-256.